

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Bona. Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower shortly,
He weare the willow garland for his sake,

Queene. Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.

Lewis. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
If that our *Queene* and this young Prince agree,
He ioyne mine eldest daughter and my ioy
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.

Queene. With all my hart, that match I like full well,
Loue her sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.

Lewis. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie soldiours for to goe with you.
And you Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall waite them safely to the English coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.

War. I came from *Edward* as Embassador,
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the cheefe that raide him to the Crowne,
And He be cheefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockery.

*Enter King Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloster, Montague,
Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiours.*

Edm. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloster*,

Exit Me.

Exit.

What

Terke and Lancaster.

What thinke you of our marriage with the Lady *Grey*?

Cla. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are so slacke in iudgement, that they will take
No offence at this sudden marriage.

Edw. Suppose they do, they are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*,
And I am both your King and *Warwicks*.
And will be obeyed.

Glo. And shall, because our King, but yet such
Sudden marriages sildome proueth well.

Edw. Yea brother *Richard*, are you against vs too?

Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forefend, that I
Should once gainsay your highnesse pleasure,
I, and twere pittie to funder them that yoke so well together.

Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Lady *Grey*,
May not be my Loue, and Englands *Queene*?

Speake freely *Clarence*, *Glocester*,
Montague, and *Hastings*.

Cla. My Lord, then this is mine opinion,
That *Warwicke* being dishonored in his Embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quit his iniuries.

Glo. And *Lewis* in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke* to supplant your state.

Ed. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeasde,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.

Mont. But yet to haue ioynd with *France* in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common-wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not *France*, nor any alliance with them.

Cla. For this onespeech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues,
To haue the daughter and heyre of the Lord *Hungerford*.

Edw. And what then? it was our will it should be so,

Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your

O 2

Brother